

MARVEL

#11

DUGGAN
BOSCHI
BROWN

All-New

GUARDIANS of the GALAXY[®]





BLACK SHEEP, SCOUNDRELS, WEIRDOS: PETER QUILL--A.K.A. STAR-LORD--DRAX THE DESTROYER, GAMORA, ROCKET RACCOON, AND GROOT LEARNED TO LOOK AFTER THEIR OWN INTERESTS, THEN DISCOVERED THEY COULD NOT STAND BY WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS IN PERIL. THEY HAVE NO OFFICIAL JURISDICTION, BUT IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE (OR YOU'VE GOT A LINE ON A SCORE) IN THE MILKY WAY, YOU CAN CALL THE...

All-New

ISSUE 011

GUARDIANS of the GALAXY



"in Highway Patrolman"

THE GUARDIANS REUNITED FOR ONE LAST SCORE, BUT WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A SIMPLE SMASH-AND-GRAB QUICKLY DEVOLVED INTO ALL-OUT CHAOS, LEAVING THE TEAM CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A FEUD BETWEEN TWO ELDERS OF THE UNIVERSE. STAR-LORD AND HIS CREW MANAGED TO ESCAPE (MOSTLY) UNSCATHED, BUT PEACE WAS SHORT LIVED.

WHILE TRANSPORTING THEIR NOW HOT CARGO (A MUMMY SPORTING A PAIR OF NEGA-BANDS), THE GUARDIANS' SHIP WAS ATTACKED BY A GROUP OF SHI'AR WARRIORS KNOWN AS THE FRATERNITY OF RAPTORS. THE RAPTORS' LEADER, TALONAR, WAS HELL-BENT ON RETRIEVING THE NEGA-BANDS AND A BIT TOO FAMILIAR WITH THE GUARDIANS...

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MY NAME IS RICH RIDER.
ON EARTH, THEY USED
TO CALL ME
THE HUMAN ROCKET.

OUT HERE IN
SPACE, THEY JUST
CALL ME--

NOVA!

-ROL

THANKS FOR
MEETING ME,
RICHARD.


I'M CORPSMAN
SCOTT ADSIT. GREW
UP NOT TOO FAR
FROM YOU BACK
ON EARTH.

NO SWEAT,
SIR. YOU SAID
YOU FOUND
SOMETHING
IMPORTANT ON
THIS OLD
JUNKER?

CORRECT.

SHE WAS
DISABLED BEFORE
THE CANCERVERSE
STRIKE. SHE NEVER MADE
IT TO THE RIFT AND WAS
LOST OR MAYBE
SCUTTLED. WE'RE
STILL SORTING
IT OUT.

OKAY,
WELL, WHAT
AM I DOING
HERE?



WE'RE TRYING
TO RECOVER ALL
THE DATA FROM THE
SYSTEMS THAT WE CAN,
AND AS WE'RE WORKING
BACKWARDS WE FOUND
A DISTRESS CALL
LOGGED IN THE
COMM SYSTEM.

PLAY IT,
SVOLTON.

YES,
SIR.

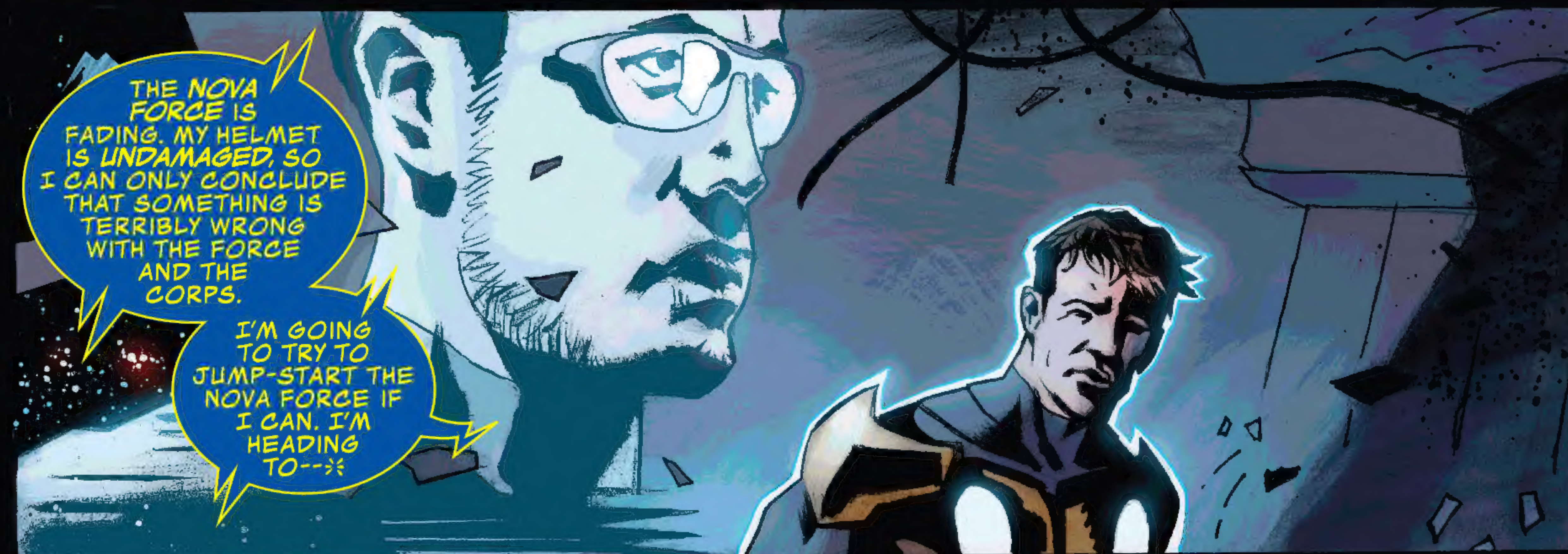
AS BEST
WE CAN TELL,
THIS CALL WAS
LOGGED, BUT NEVER
FORWARDED OR
ACTED UPON.

IT'S
POSSIBLE
THE CREW HAD
ALREADY
ABANDONED
SHIP...

...OR
THEY WERE
ALREADY
DEAD.

--IF YOU
CAN HEAR
ME.

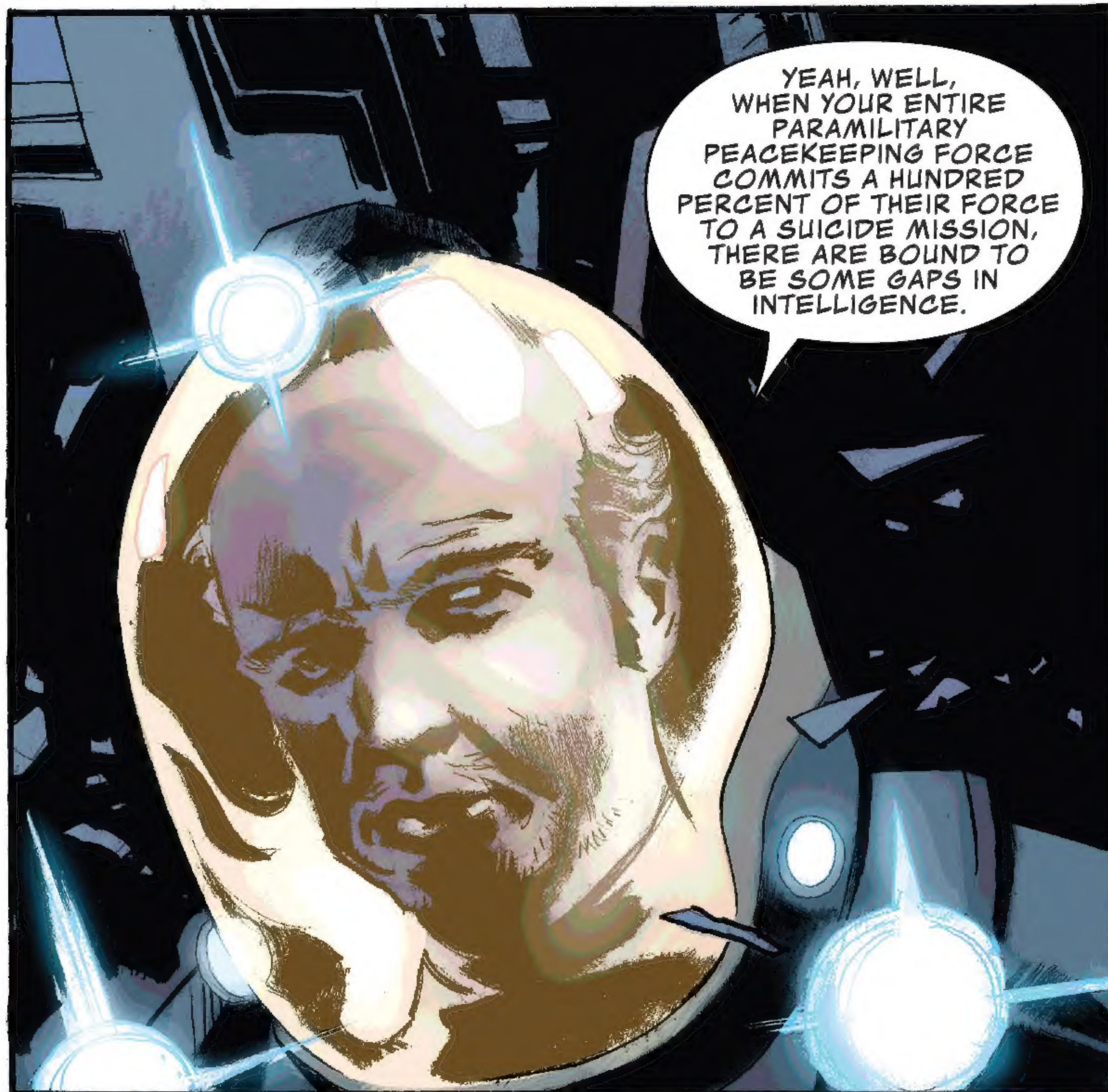
THAT
VOICE!
IT'S--





I THOUGHT MY BROTHER FLEW INTO THE **CANCERVERSE** WITH THE REST OF THE CORPS.

I'D HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM ALL THIS TIME IF I HAD KNOWN HE WAS STILL OUT THERE.

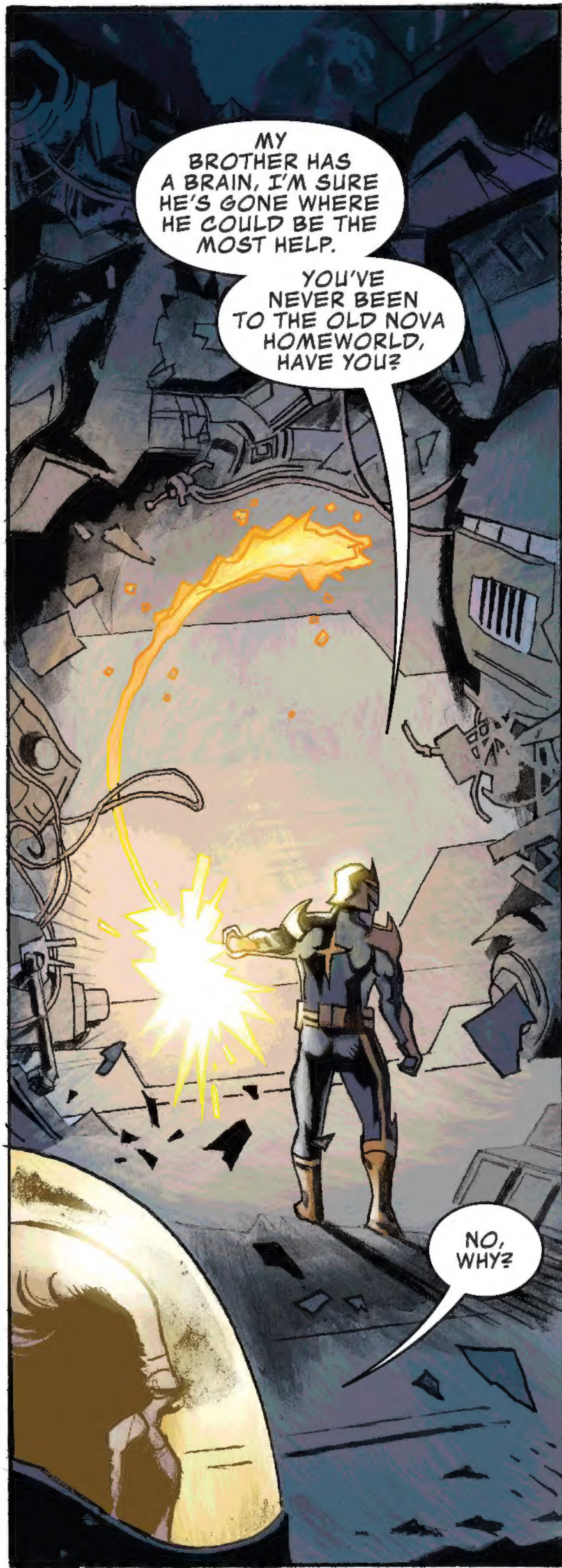


YEAH, WELL, WHEN YOUR ENTIRE PARAMILITARY PEACEKEEPING FORCE COMMITS A HUNDRED PERCENT OF THEIR FORCE TO A SUICIDE MISSION, THERE ARE BOUND TO BE SOME GAPS IN INTELLIGENCE.



I KNOW I PROMISED TO HELP YOU RE-BOOT THE NOVA CORPS, BUT--

I UNDERSTAND. YOU GOTTA GO. DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK?



MY BROTHER HAS A BRAIN, I'M SURE HE'S GONE WHERE HE COULD BE THE MOST HELP.

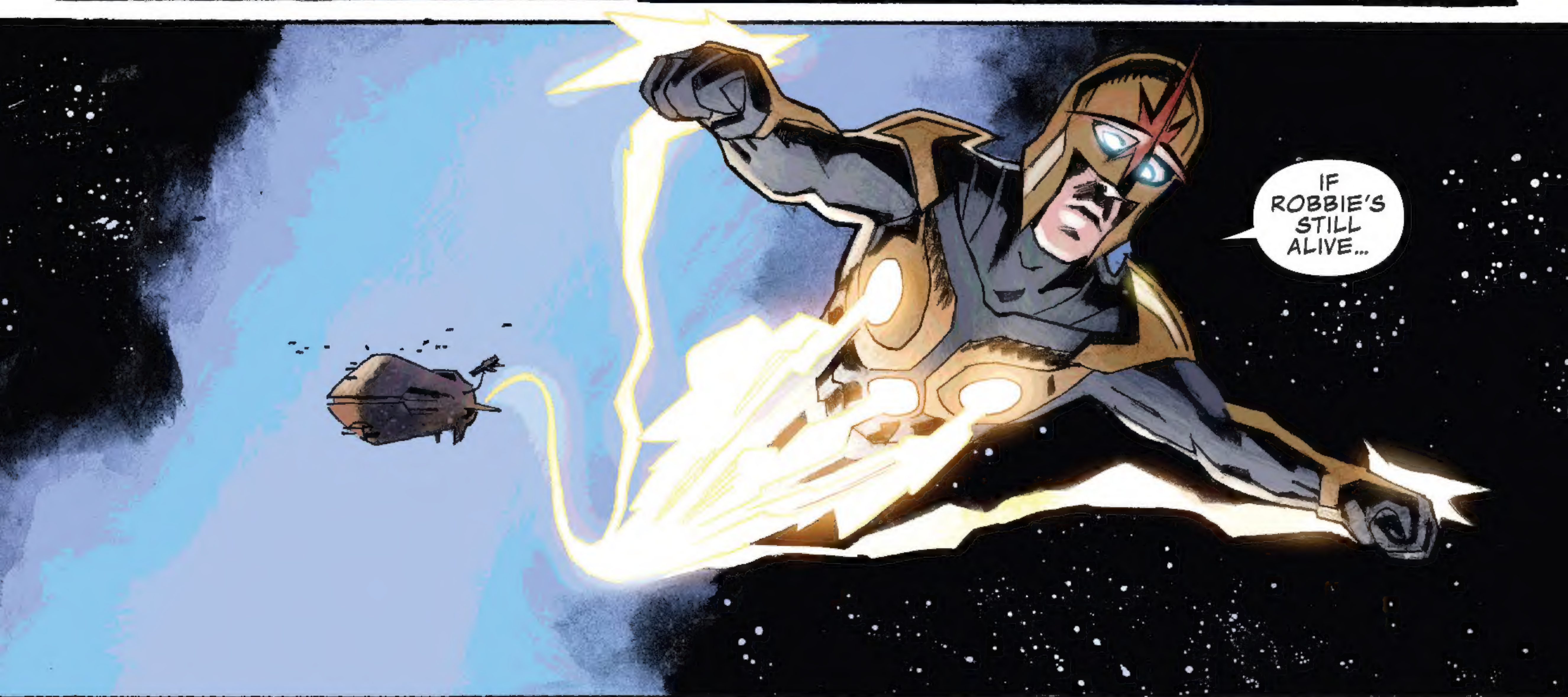
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO THE OLD NOVA HOMEWORLD, HAVE YOU?

NO, WHY?



THAT'S WHERE HE WOULD HAVE GONE TO TRY AND JUMP-START THE NOVA FORCE.

AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!



IF ROBBIE'S STILL ALIVE...


A wide shot of space featuring a large, orange-hued planet in the background. The foreground is filled with numerous dark, irregularly shaped rocks and debris floating in the void.

"...I'LL FIND HIM ON XANDAR."

MY SHIP RAN OUT OF JUICE TWO GUADS FROM XANDAR. THAT WAS SIX MONTHS AGO.

A desert landscape under a hazy, orange sky. In the center, a large, red, five-pointed star-shaped monument stands prominently. To the left, there are ruins of ancient stone structures. In the distance, a lone figure is walking away from the viewer across the sandy terrain.

FROM THE LOOKS OF THE PLACE, THE CORPS NEVER MADE IT BACK FROM THE CANCERVERSE. FOR A MOMENT I'M BEREFT...BUT THEN I REALIZE I'M STILL HERE. THEY SUCCEEDED.

A close-up of a man with a dark beard and mustache, wearing orange-tinted sunglasses. He is wearing a blue jacket with a purple and black patterned scarf. He is holding a piece of light-colored fabric or paper in his hands.

THE ONLY REASON I MADE IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS ABLE TO MAKE A HALF-DECENT SOLAR SAIL FROM MY SHIP'S PANELS.

A man in a blue suit and orange-tinted sunglasses is walking through a desert landscape. He is carrying a large, rectangular object on his back. The ground is sandy and rocky, with some ruins visible in the background.

I CAME IN HOT--AND A CONTINENT SHORT.

ANOTHER SEASON LOST WALKING HERE.



I GET TO THE OLD HEADQUARTERS-- ONLY TO FIND RECENT TRACKS. I EXPECT TROUBLE. NOVAS DON'T USUALLY WALK.



I'M UNARMED-- UNTIL I KNOW WHO ELSE IS HERE-- I'M LISTENING AND EVADING.



I THOUGHT I WAS FOLLOWING THEM--



--BUT THEY WERE FOLLOWING ME.

IN CASE I DON'T MAKE IT BACK, THIS IS THE LAST MISSION LOG OF NOVA DENARIAN ROBBIE RIDER.



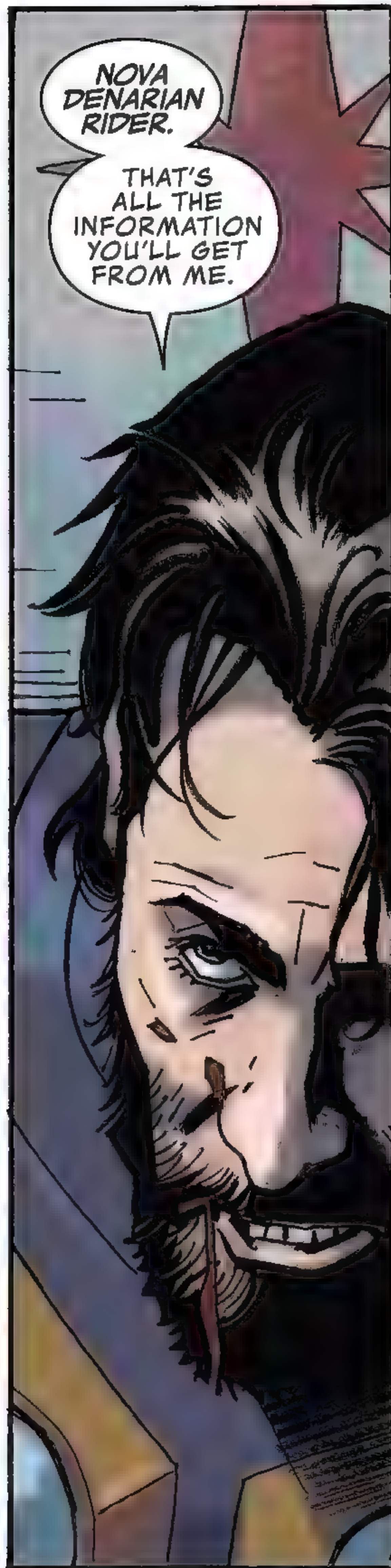


TAKE
ANYTHING THAT
LOOKS RELATED
TO THE WORLD MIND
OR THE NOVA
FORCE.

OUR NEW
FRIEND IS
AWAKE.

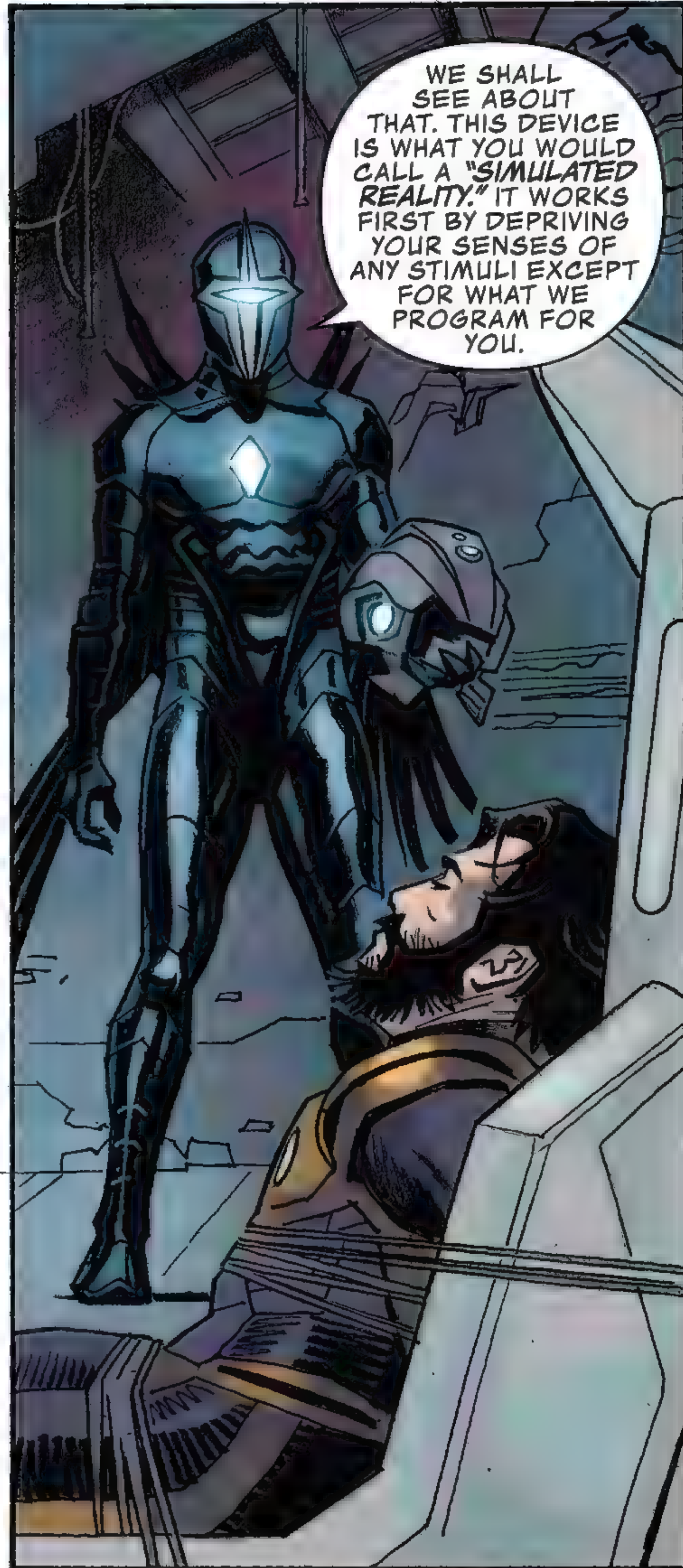


WHO
ARE
YOU?



NOVA
DENARIAN
RIDER.

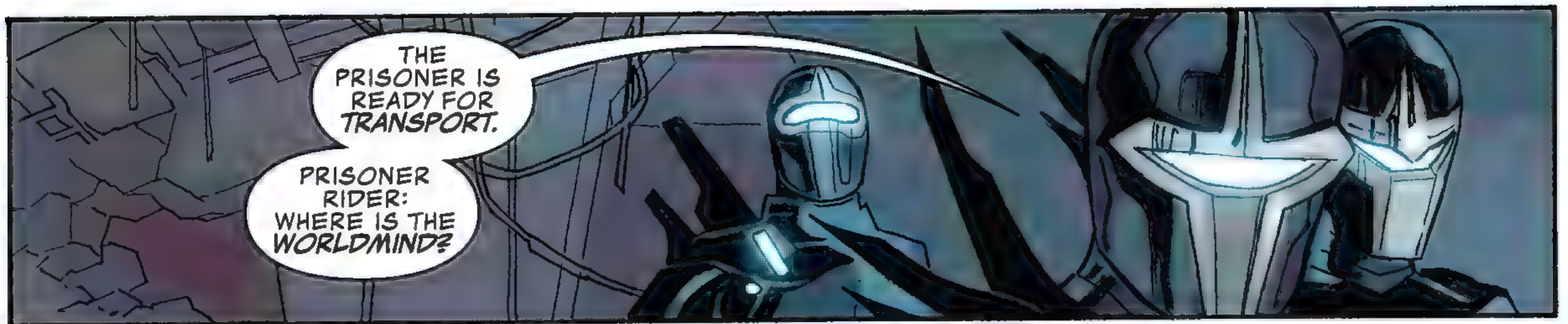
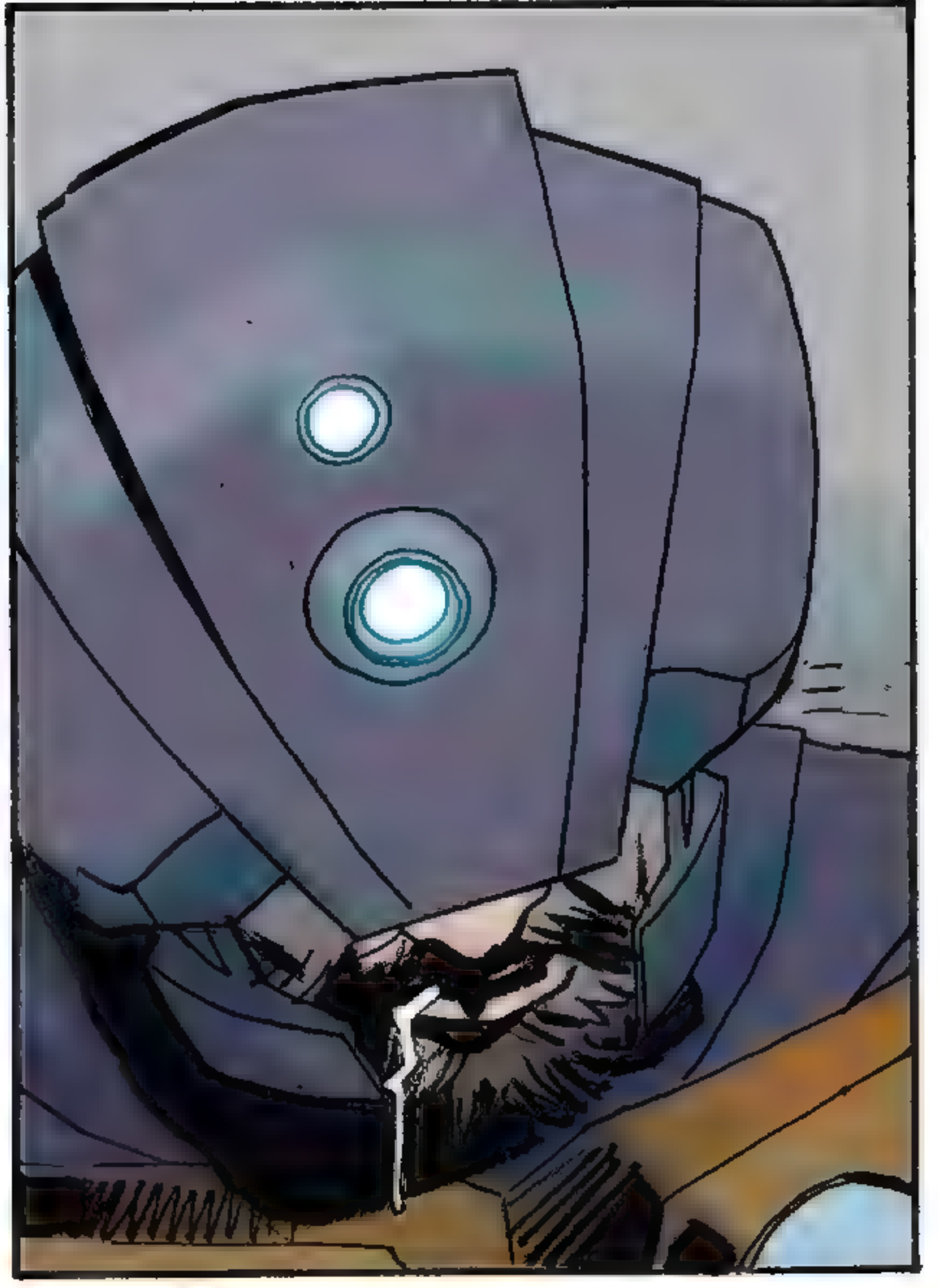
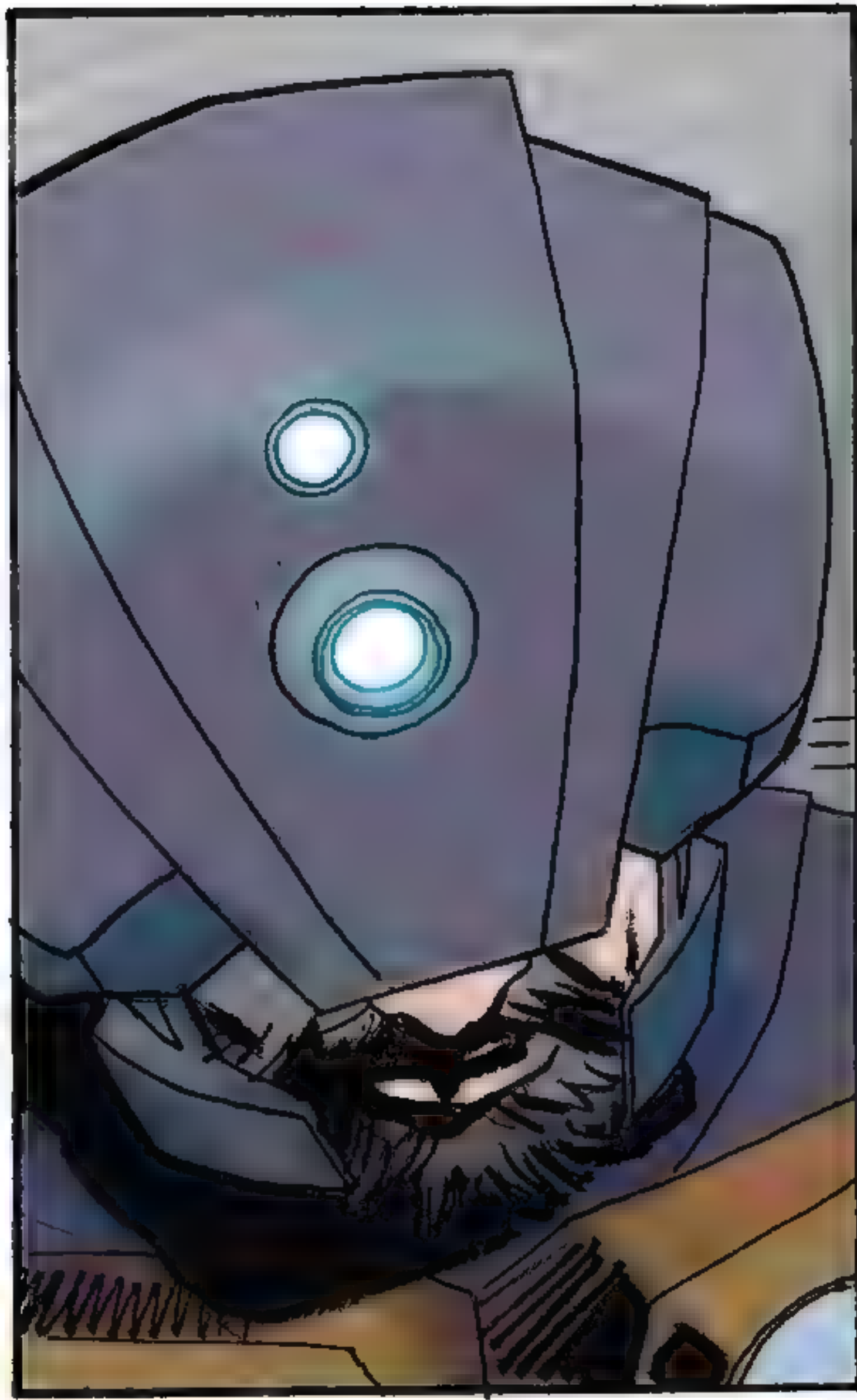
THAT'S
ALL THE
INFORMATION
YOU'LL GET
FROM ME.



WE SHALL
SEE ABOUT
THAT. THIS DEVICE
IS WHAT YOU WOULD
CALL A "SIMULATED
REALITY." IT WORKS
FIRST BY DEPRIVING
YOUR SENSES OF
ANY STIMULI EXCEPT
FOR WHAT WE
PROGRAM FOR
YOU.



AN HOUR
CAN FEEL
LIKE A YEAR
IF I WANT
IT TO.



THE PRISONER IS READY FOR TRANSPORT.

PRISONER RIDER: WHERE IS THE WORLD MIND?



G-GONE... AS FAR AS I KNOW.

WHO ARE YOU?

YOU ARE A TALON.

TO SERVE THE EMPIRE IS LIFE.

DO YOU LIKE LIFE IN SPACE?

DO YOU PREFER ROMANCE STORIES BETTER THAN ADVENTURE TALES?

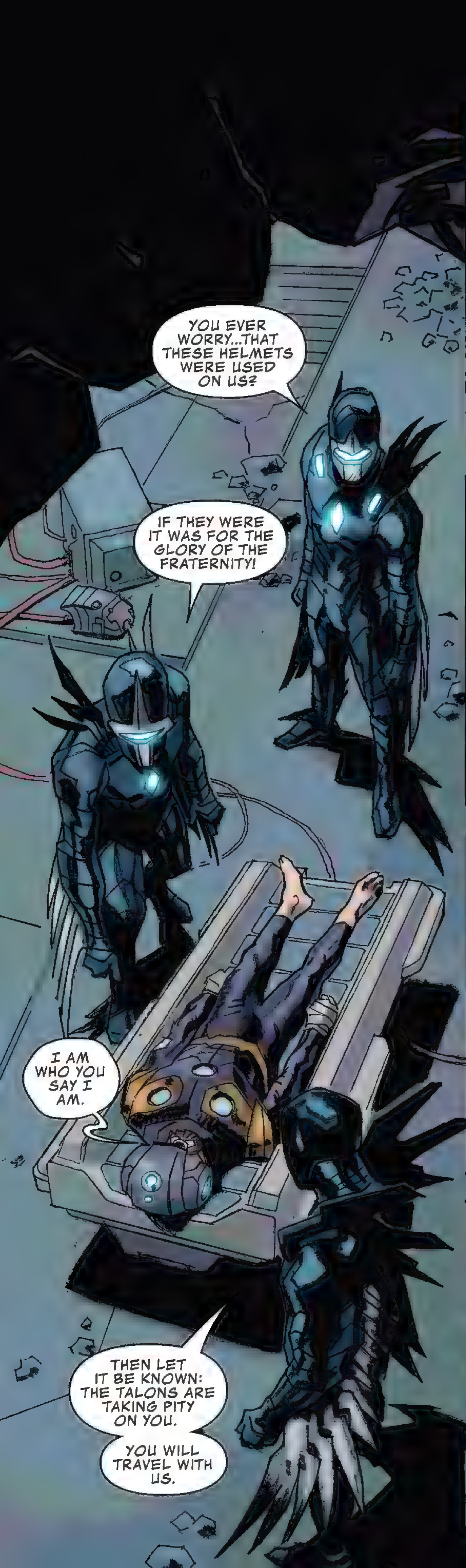
WHAT IS IT THAT SCARES YOU?

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WOMEN?

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR BROTHER?

WHAT ANGERS YOU?

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT LAST MADE YOU LAUGH?



YOU EVER WORRY...THAT THESE HELMETS WERE USED ON US?

IF THEY WERE IT WAS FOR THE GLORY OF THE FRATERNITY!

I AM WHO YOU SAY I AM.

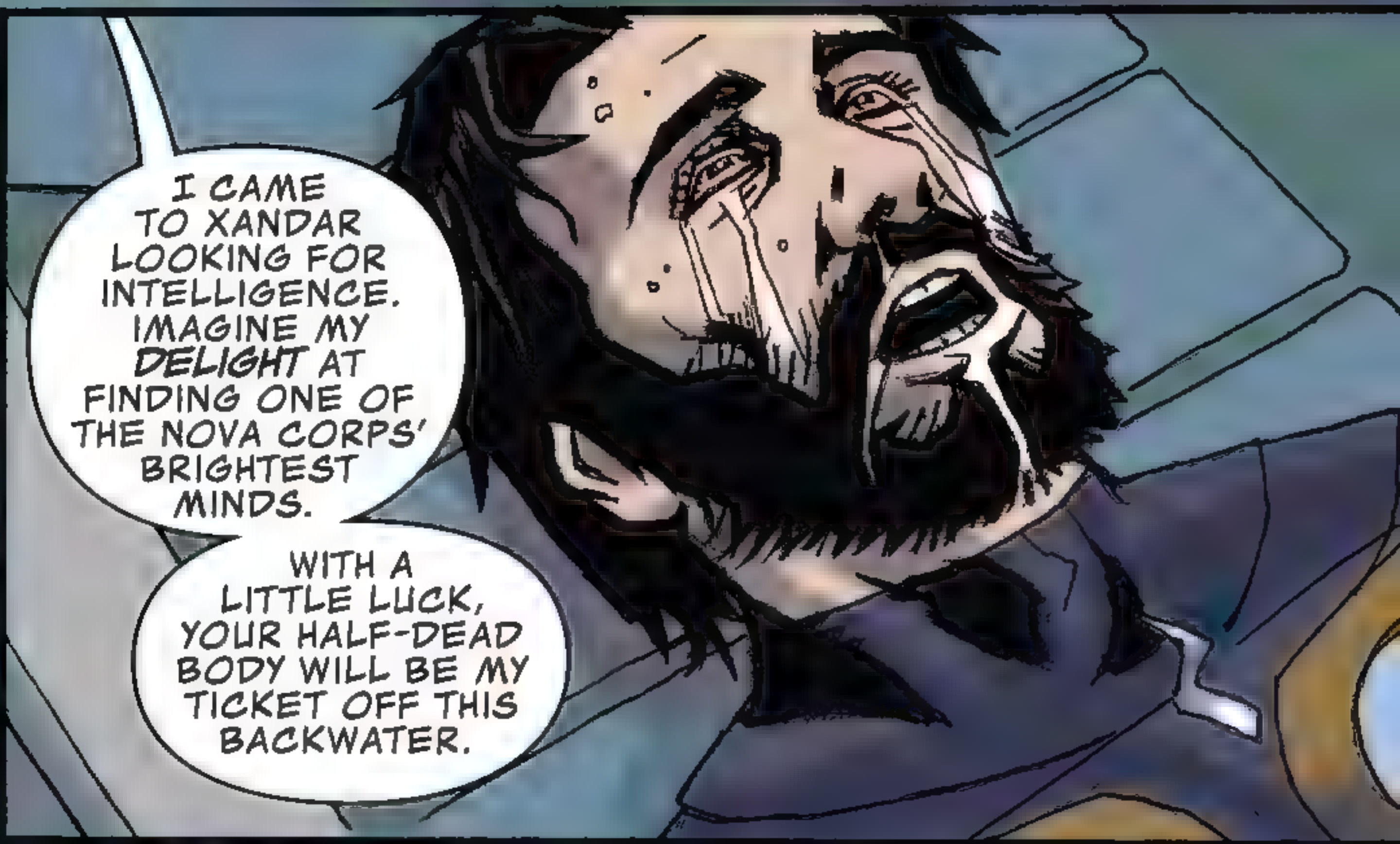
THEN LET IT BE KNOWN: THE TALONS ARE TAKING PITY ON YOU.

YOU WILL TRAVEL WITH US.



HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN LOST?

BACK TO THE SHI'AR EMPIRE.



I CAME TO XANDAR LOOKING FOR INTELLIGENCE. IMAGINE MY DELIGHT AT FINDING ONE OF THE NOVA CORPS' BRIGHTEST MINDS.

WITH A LITTLE LUCK, YOUR HALF-DEAD BODY WILL BE MY TICKET OFF THIS BACKWATER.

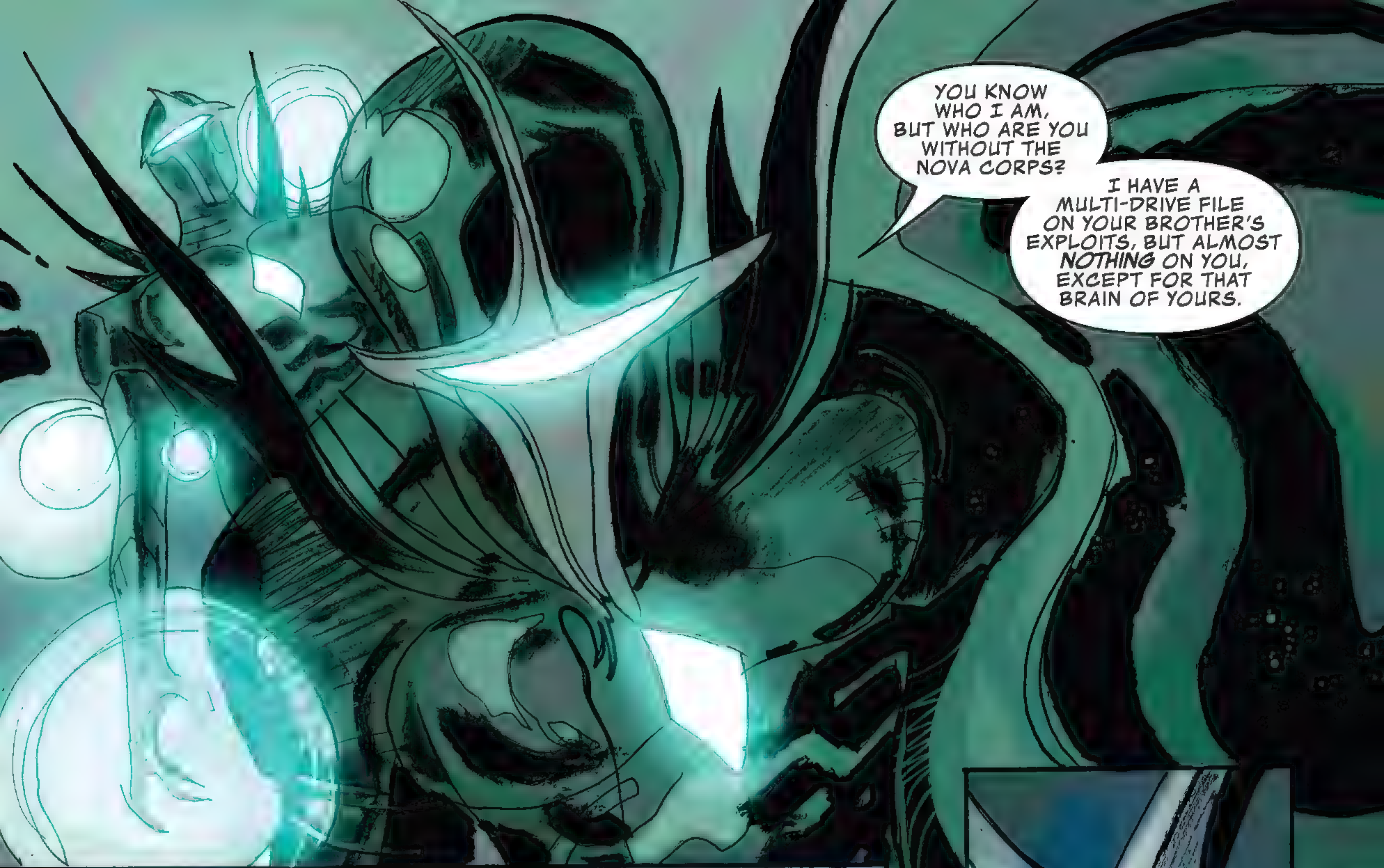


DRINK THIS.



COUGH

WHAT'S IN THIS? TASTES... WEIRD.

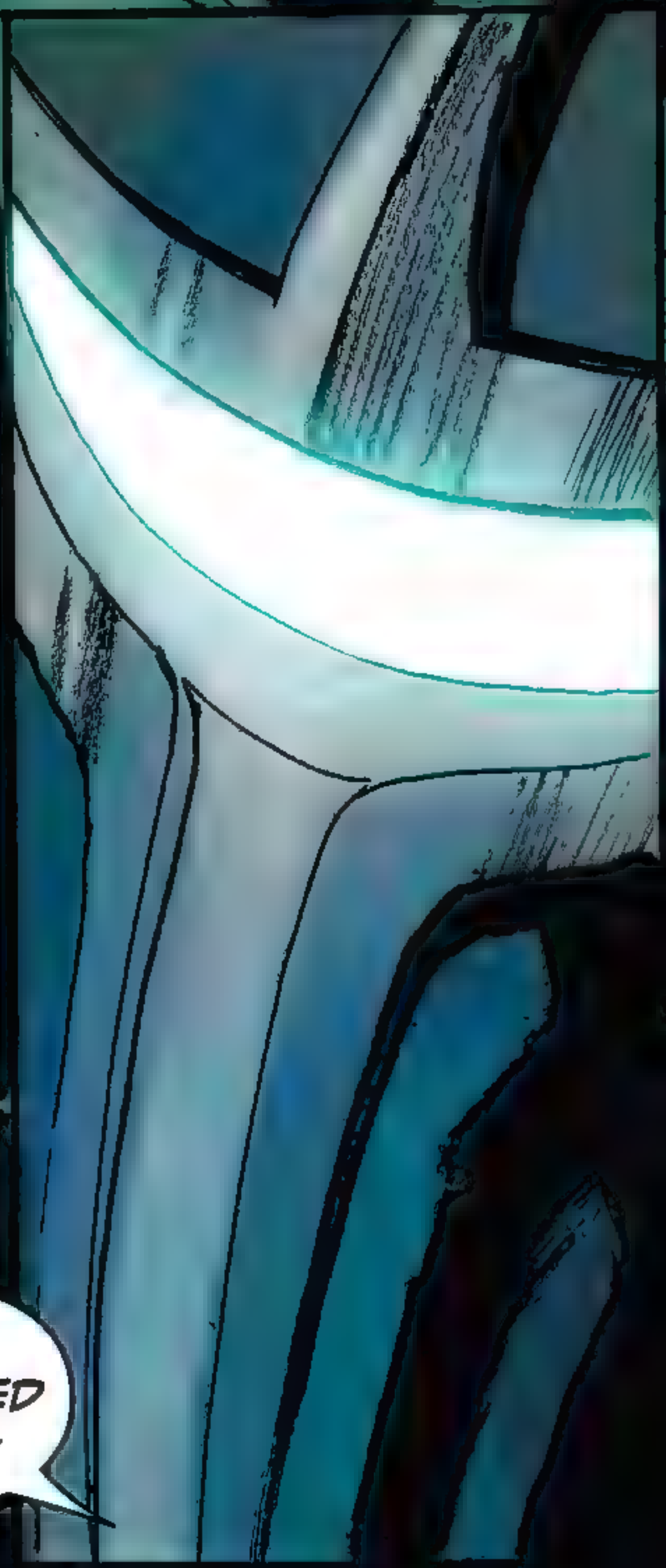


YOU KNOW WHO I AM, BUT WHO ARE YOU WITHOUT THE NOVA CORPS?

I HAVE A MULTI-DRIVE FILE ON YOUR BROTHER'S EXPLOITS, BUT ALMOST **NOTHING** ON YOU, EXCEPT FOR THAT BRAIN OF YOURS.



I WA-WANTED TO BE A SCIENTIST.



TSK.

YOU SHOULD HAVE REMAINED A SCIENTIST, ROBBIE.



BUT THE WORLD MIND CHO-CHOSE ME.



BUT NOW
THE LIVING
NOVA COMPUTER
IS GONE.

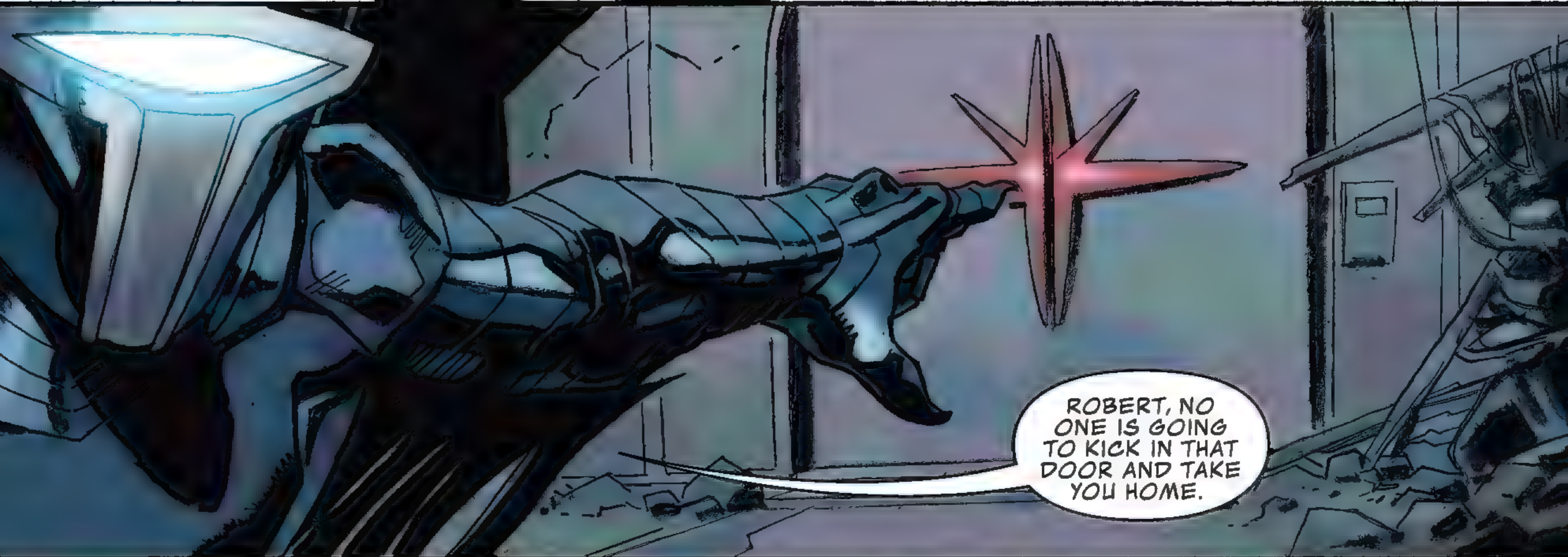
AND YOU...
YOU'VE BEEN
CHOSEN FOR
ANOTHER
CALLING.

THIS IS
YOUR NOVA
HELMET. YOU
CAN DIE
WEARING IT
RIGHT NOW...

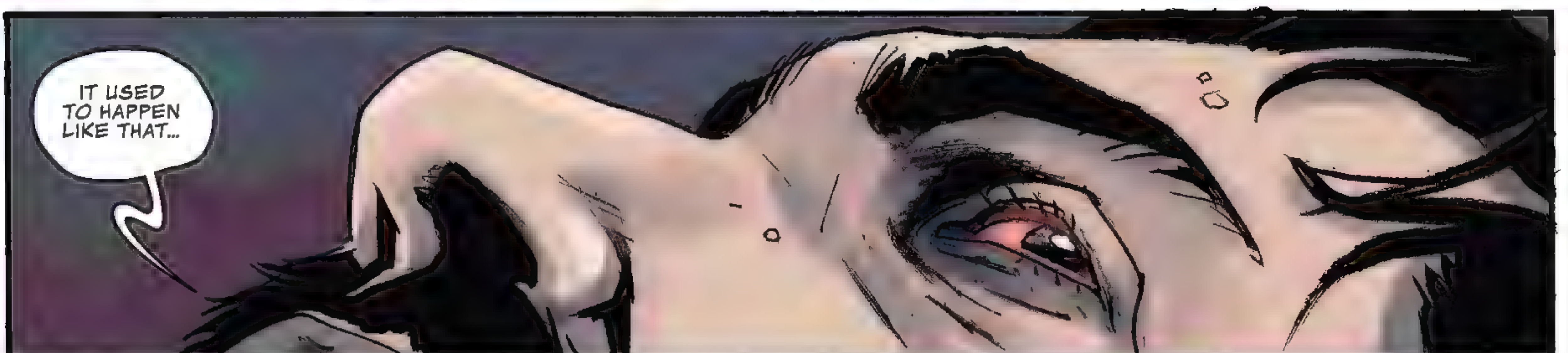


...OR YOU
CAN LET ME PUT
THIS INQUISITOR BACK
ON YOUR HEAD, AND YOU
CAN CONTINUE YOUR
JOURNEY. PERHAPS...
YOU WILL FIND
REDEMPTION?

CHOOSE
WHICH HELMET
TO WEAR.



ROBERT, NO
ONE IS GOING
TO KICK IN THAT
DOOR AND TAKE
YOU HOME.

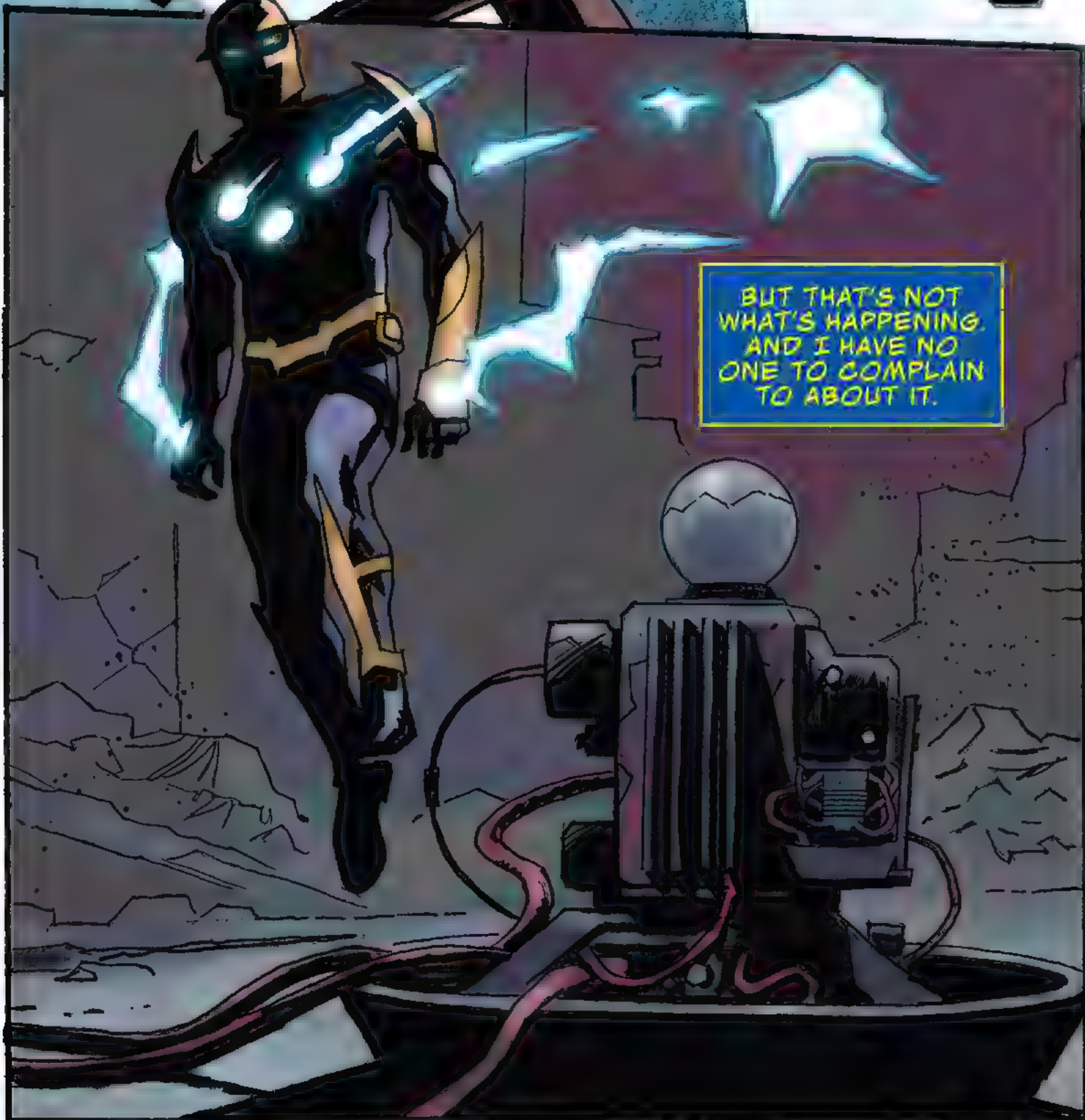


IT USED
TO HAPPEN
LIKE THAT...



ROBBIE!

I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE SAVING MY
KID BROTHER.



BUT THAT'S NOT
WHAT'S HAPPENING.
AND I HAVE NO
ONE TO COMPLAIN
TO ABOUT IT.



ROBBIE WAS
HERE, A LONG
TIME AGO.

I'M JUST
TOO LATE.

RIDER TO
ADSIT.

THE
CITADEL IS
EMPTY.

MY
BROTHER
WAS DEFINITELY
HERE...BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE THAT
WAS AGES
AGO.

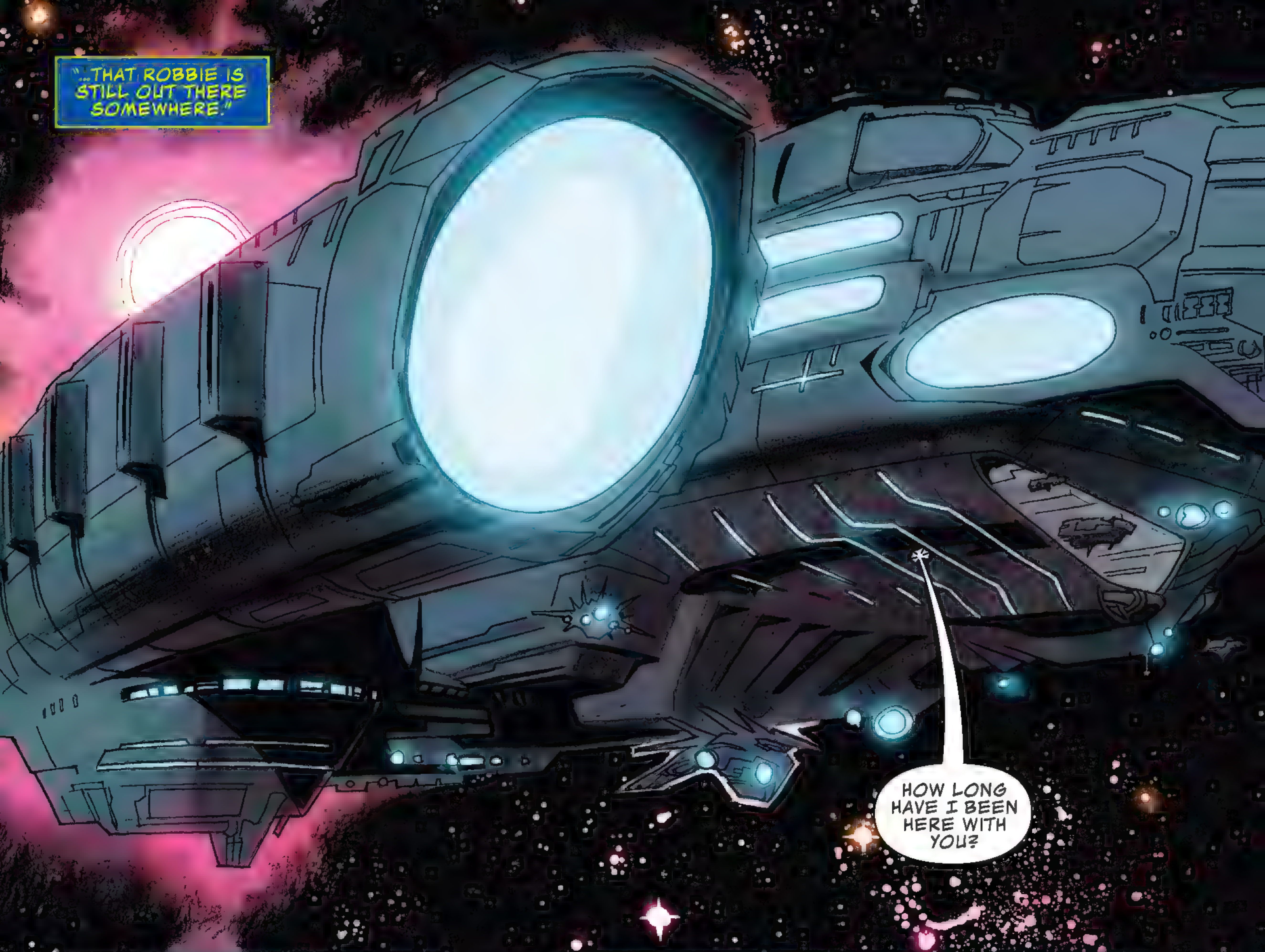
I'M GOING
TO SCOUT THE
SYSTEM, SEE IF
I CAN PICK UP
ANY SIGN OF
HIM.

THEN MAYBE
TAKE SOME
PERSONAL TIME
BEFORE I SEE
YOU AGAIN.

I'M NOT
GIVING UP
HOPE...



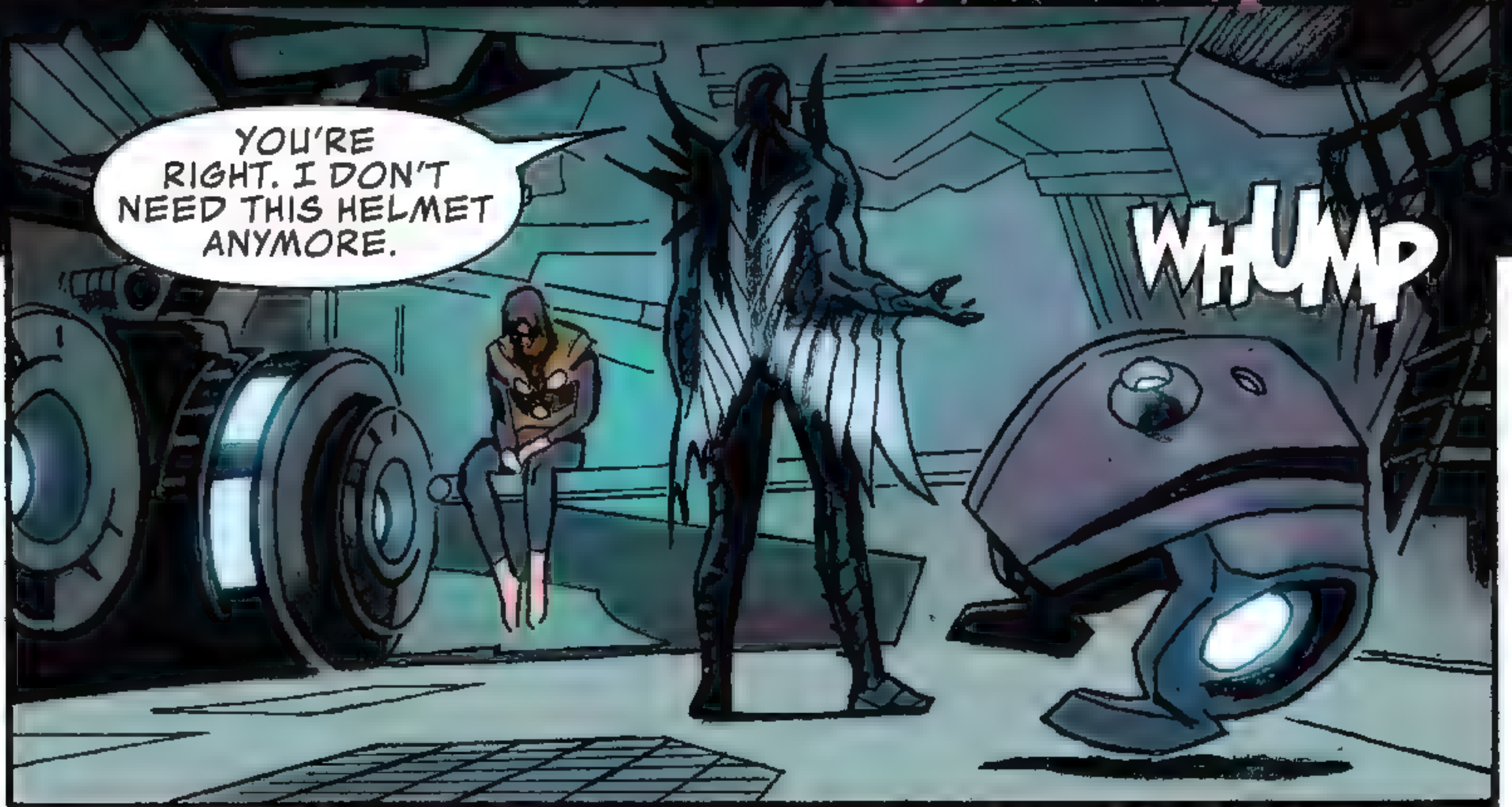
"...THAT ROBBIE IS STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE."



HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE WITH YOU?

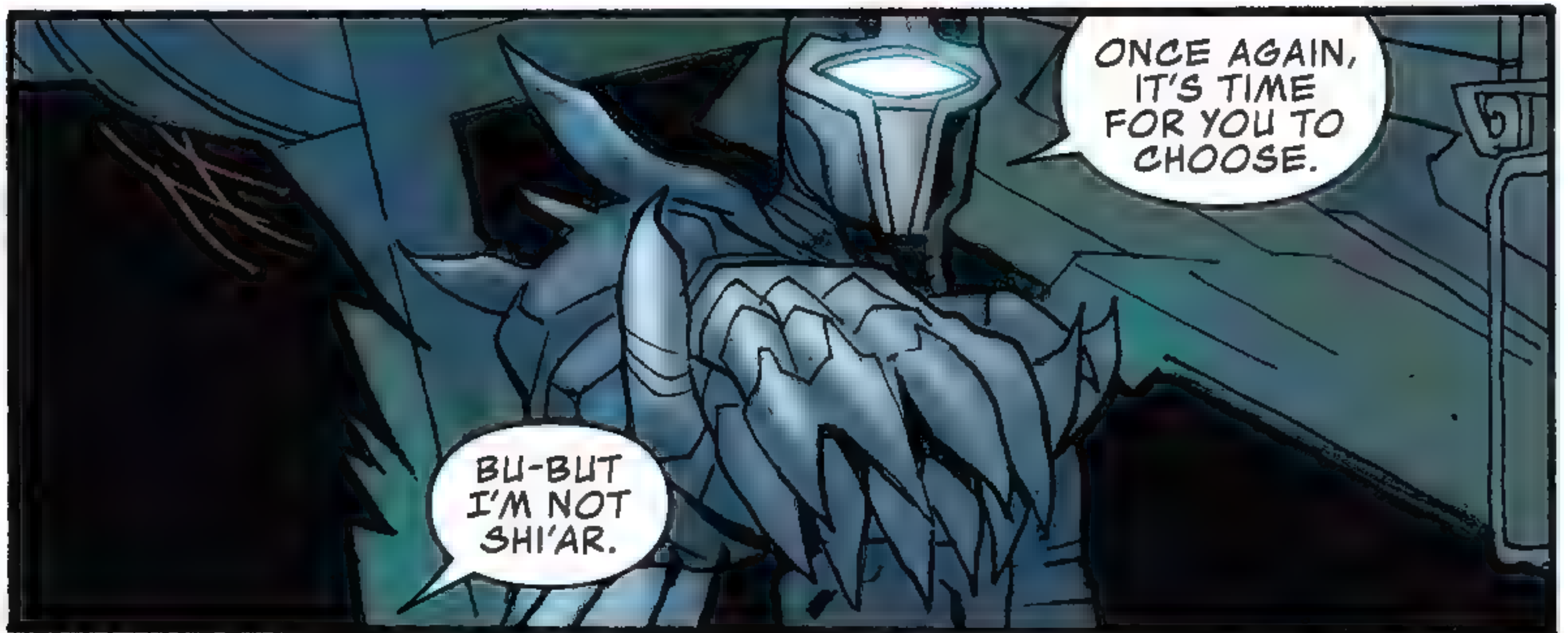


IT FEELS LIKE... YEARS.



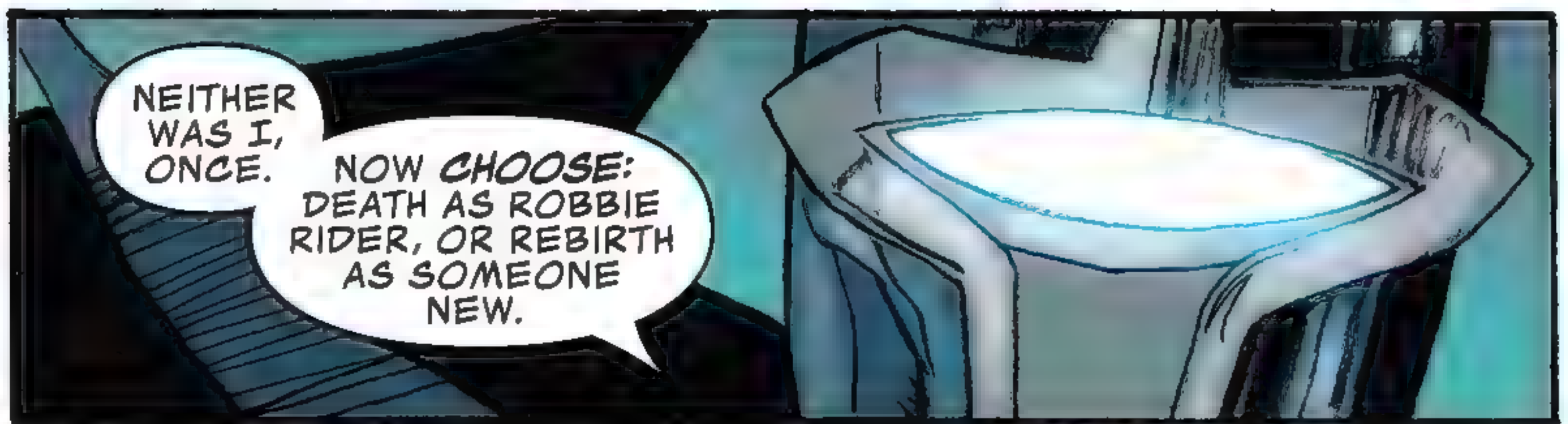
YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T NEED THIS HELMET ANYMORE.

WHUMP

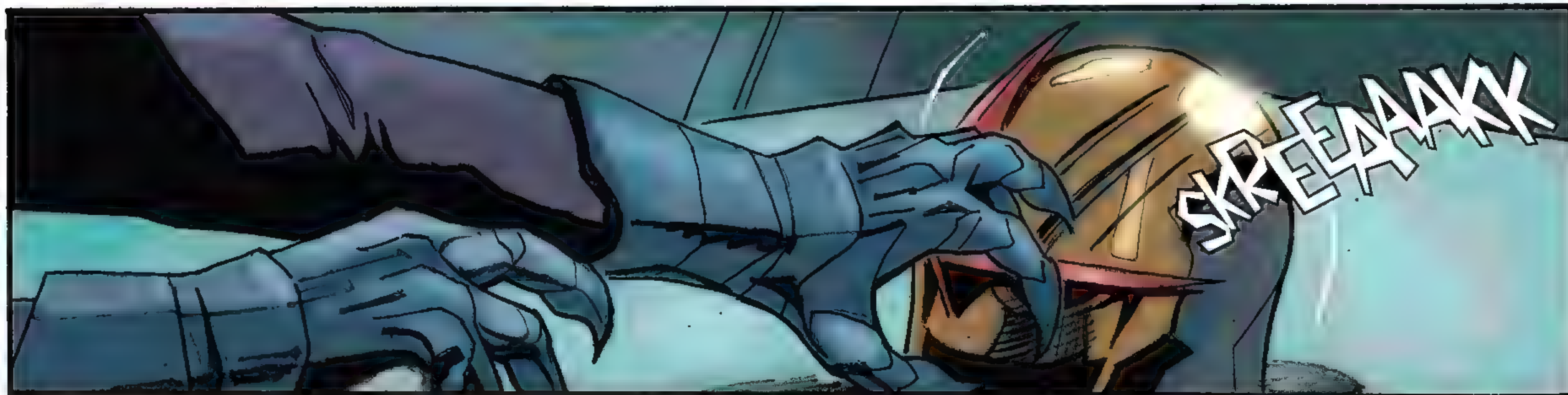
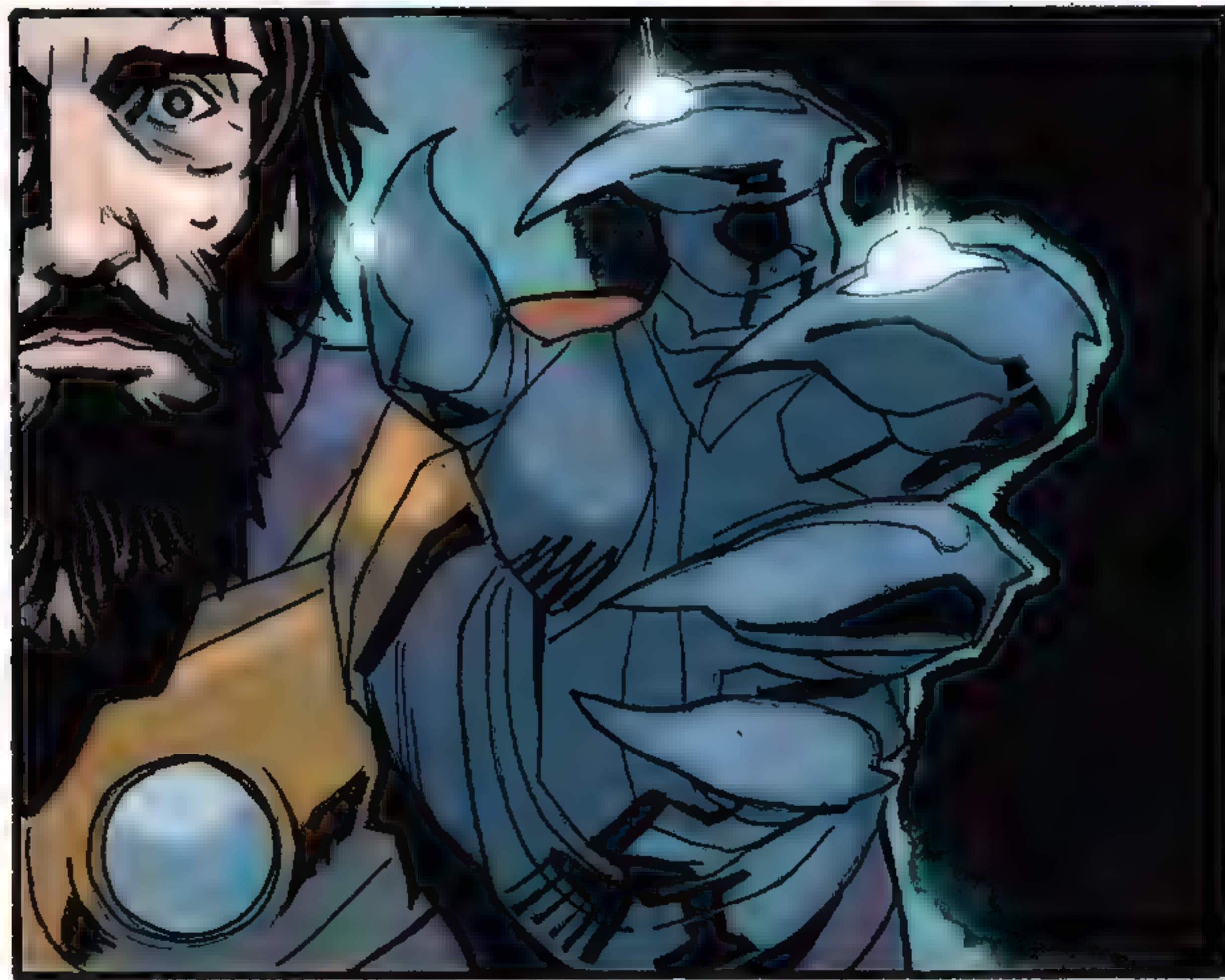


ONCE AGAIN, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO CHOOSE.

BU-BUT I'M NOT SHI'AR.



NEITHER WAS I, ONCE. NOW CHOOSE: DEATH AS ROBBIE RIDER, OR REBIRTH AS SOMEONE NEW.

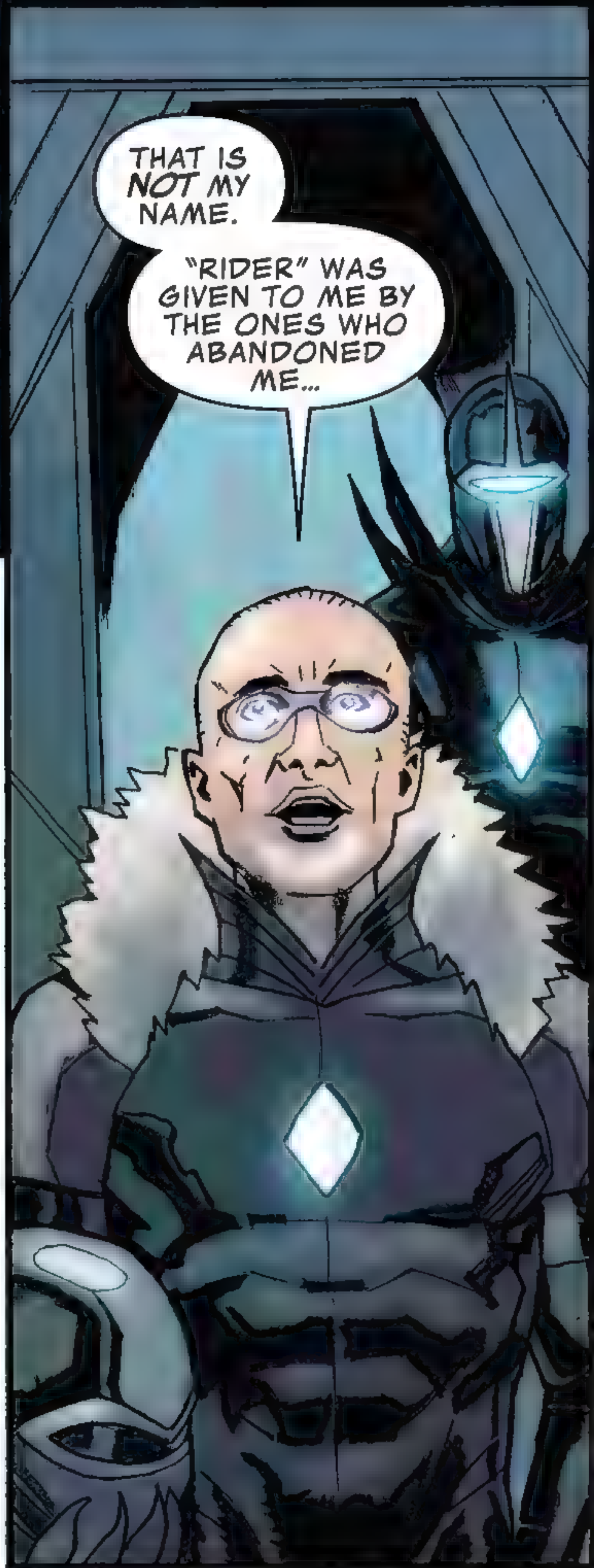




THE
FRATERNITY
OF RAPTORS
ACCEPTS A NEW
MEMBER IN FRONT
OF THE HEAD OF
OUR ORDER,
GENERAL
KIDARI!

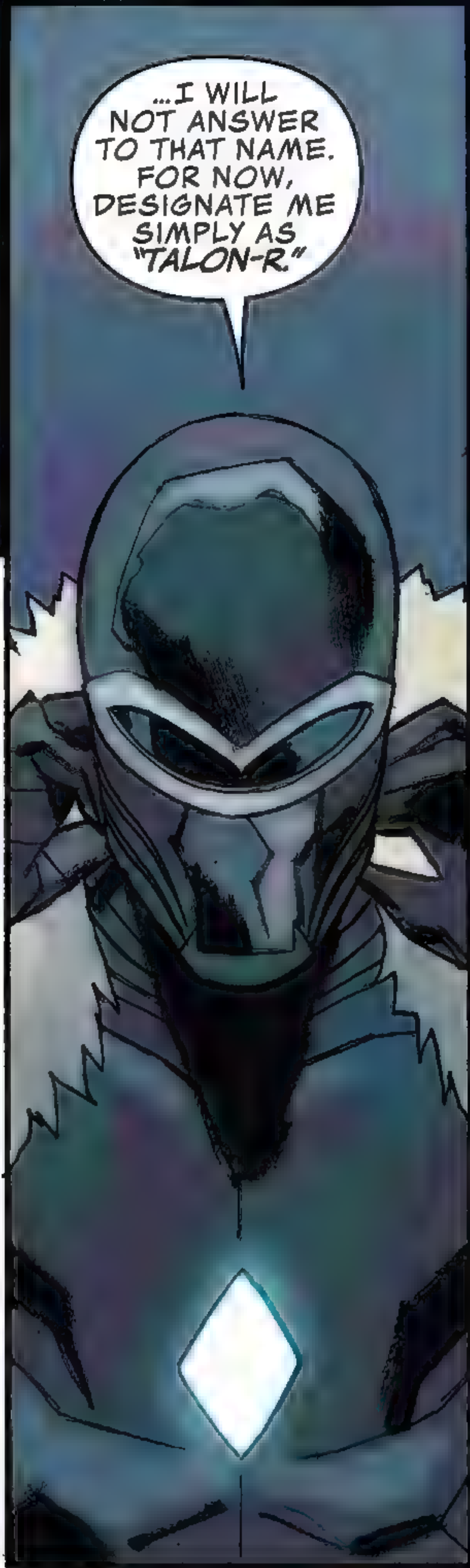
NOW,
RISE,
TALON
RI--

NO!



THAT IS
NOT MY
NAME.

"RIDER" WAS
GIVEN TO ME BY
THE ONES WHO
ABANDONED
ME...



...I WILL
NOT ANSWER
TO THAT NAME.
FOR NOW,
DESIGNATE ME
SIMPLY AS
"TALON-R."



WE LIVE TO SERVE THE TALONS!
LET NONE OPPOSE US!



OUR RANKS
GROW STRONGER.
YET WE MUST KEEP
OUR ACTIONS HIDDEN
FOR NOW--EVEN
FROM THE
EMPEROR.

YOUR MISSION
IS A **SECRET** ONE.
THE SHI'AR PEOPLE
MAY NEVER EVEN
KNOW OF YOUR
SACRIFICES.



THE NOVA
CORPS WAS WEAK.
ITS POWER FLOWED
FROM A SINGLE SOURCE,
AND WHEN IT WAS
DEPLETED, THE
CORPS WITHERED.

THE RAPTORS
WILL BE STRONGER.
OUR POWER WILL BE
DIVERSIFIED. WE WILL
LIBERATE THE ANDROIDS,
AND THEN WE WILL
MARCH ACROSS THE
GALAXY.

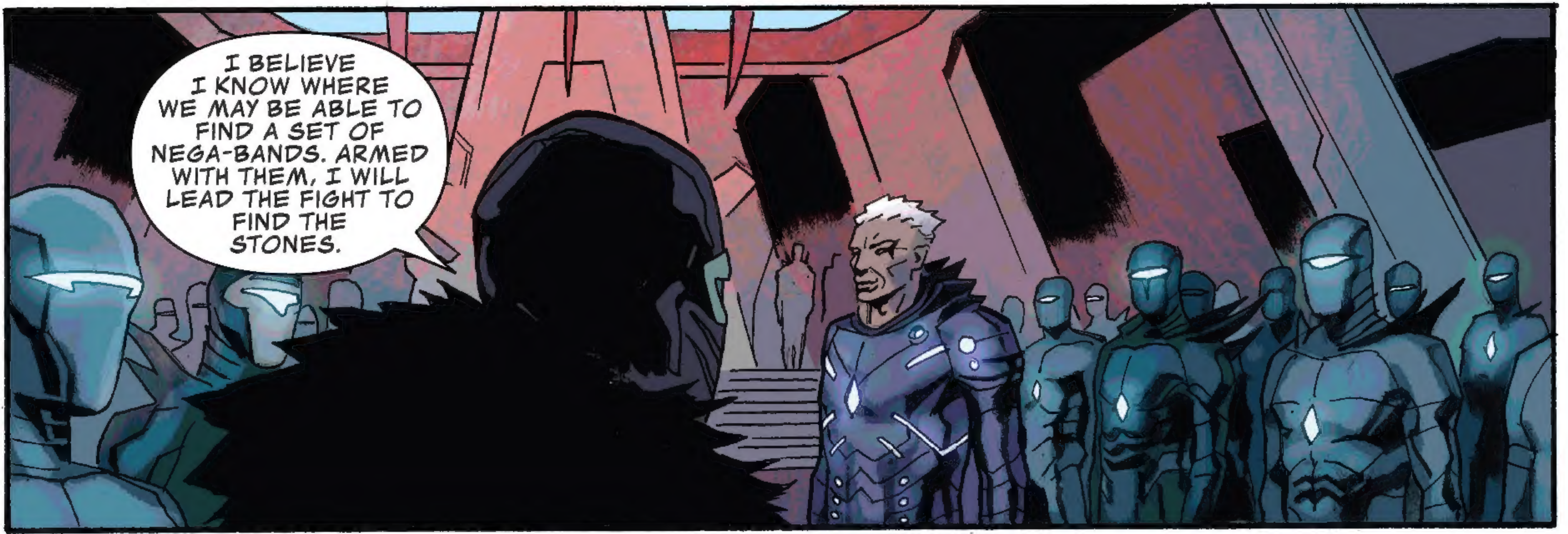


TO DO
THAT, WE MUST
FIND WHAT IS
MISSING.

WE MUST
POSSESS
THE INFINITY
STONES.



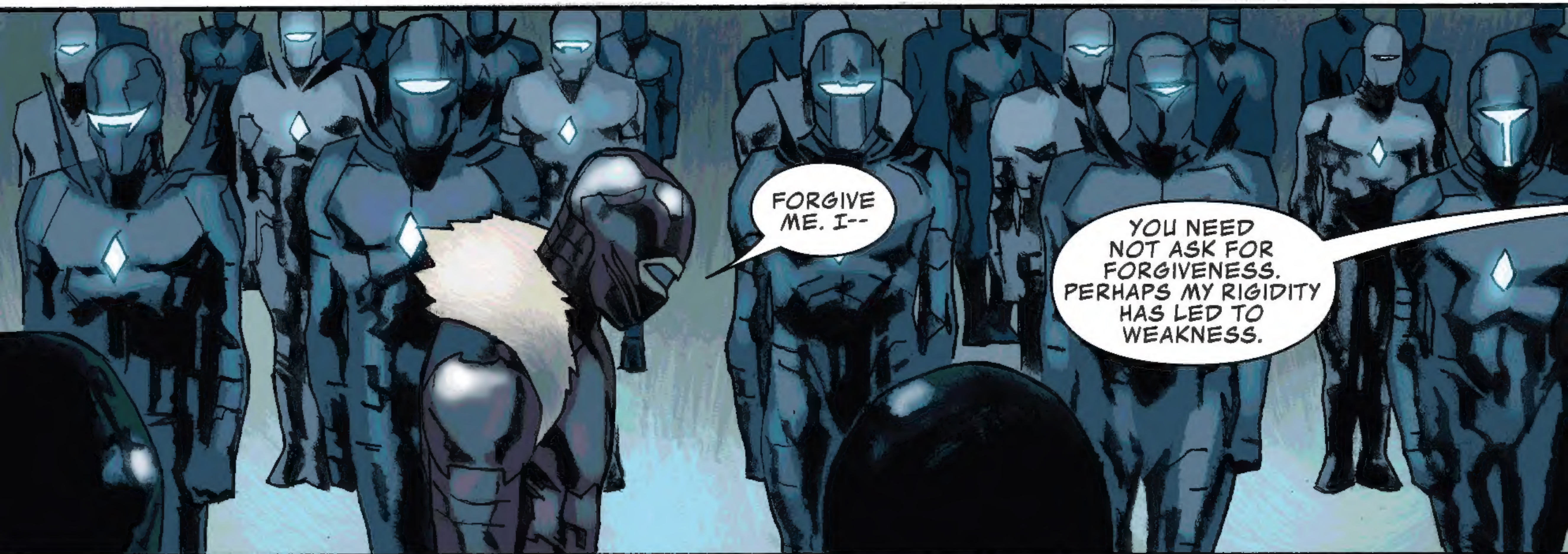
GENERAL...



I BELIEVE
I KNOW WHERE
WE MAY BE ABLE TO
FIND A SET OF
NEGA-BANDS. ARMED
WITH THEM, I WILL
LEAD THE FIGHT TO
FIND THE
STONES.



NO
ONE HAS
EVER DARED
TO INTERRUPT
ME WHEN I
ADDRESS MY
TALONS.



FORGIVE
ME. I--

YOU NEED
NOT ASK FOR
FORGIVENESS.
PERHAPS MY RIGIDITY
HAS LED TO
WEAKNESS.



FIND THE
NEGA-BANDS,
TALON-R.

LET NONE
OPPOSE YOU IN
THIS QUEST.

DO THIS
FOR THE RAPTORS,
OR SUFFER THE FATE
OF THOSE WHO
FAIL.

FIND THE
BANDS, AND
THE STONES,
AND DESTROY
EVERYTHING IN
YOUR PATH.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Next

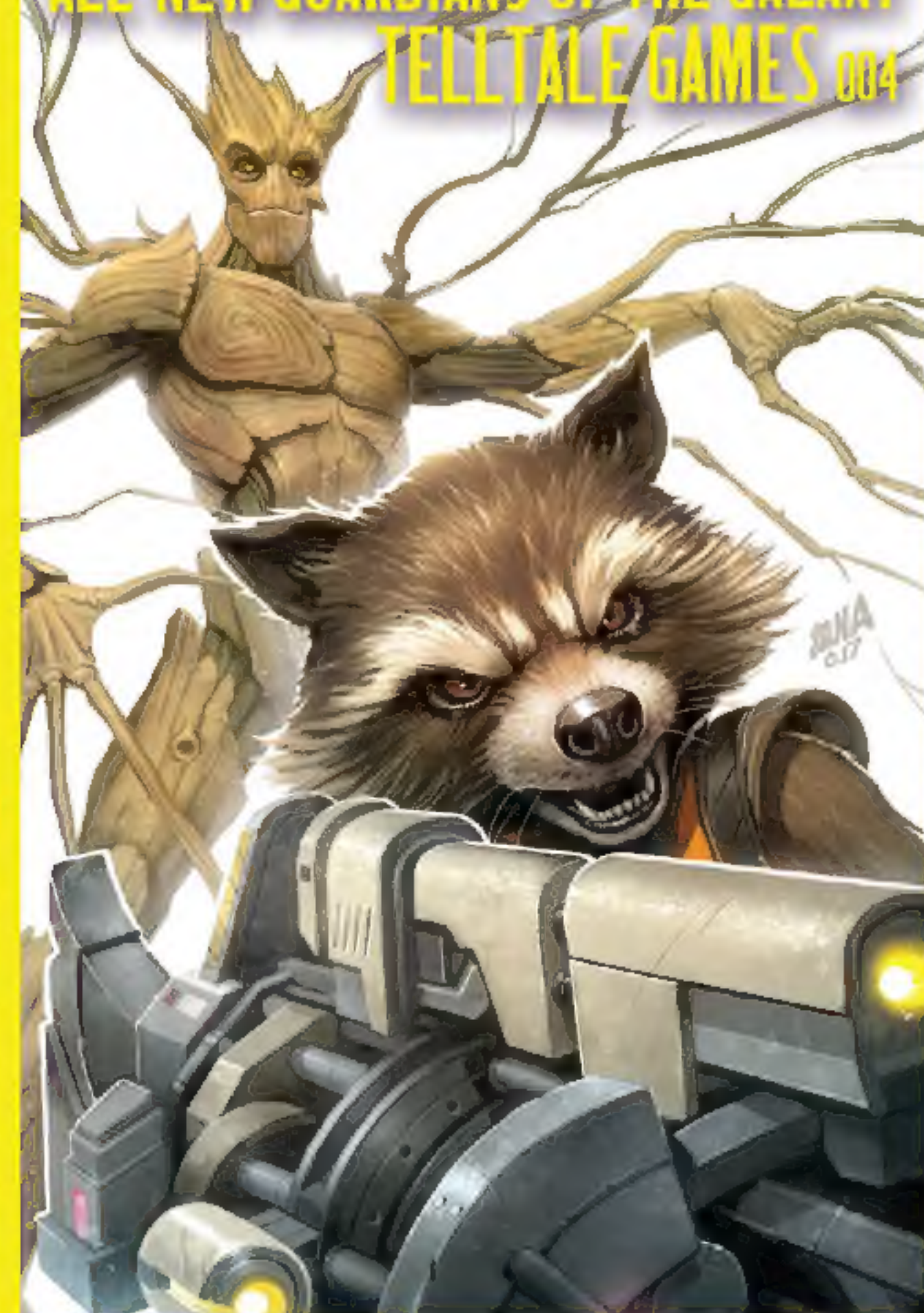
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GALACTIC REALM...

ALL-NEW GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY
TELLTALE GAMES 004



THANOS 012

ROCKET 006



